

Christian Reflector.

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try, affords a good medium for ADVERTISING, to all
who have dealings with traders in the interior.

Christian Reflector.

For the Christian Reflector.

Afflictions sanctified.

How seldom and how partially do we
study the providences of God; and how
unreasonably do we complain of every thing
which does not exactly suit our wishes; as
if the all-wise, and all-merciful disposer
of events did not study our happiness as care-
fully, or determine our times as wisely, as
ourselves. 'It is good for me that I have
been afflicted,' said the minstrel King.
Such was the experience of one who amid
courtly cares and royal splendors, carefully
studied and well understood the philosophy
of God's providences. They were not lost
upon him.

If death removes a friend, or sickness
prostrates us, or some adverse fortune or
casualty disturbs our plans, we look at evil,
and only evil. And how few Christians
have learned that the chastisements of the
Lord are calculated directly to effect the
sanctification of spirit, and advance the in-
terests of the soul. Most seem at best to
bear affliction as an evil they must mutely
endure, rather than feel it is a good they
should welcome.

What we know not now, we shall know
hereafter; as far, at least, as shall be need-
ful to justify the dealings of a divine Provi-
dence in our own individual case. And
how often do we find, after all our com-
plaints are ended, and God's plans are
perfected, that what we bitterly murmured
against, eventuated in the greatest amount
of good to us, and in a way we could not
possibly have foreseen.

A deeply interesting illustration of this
occurred under my own observation, in the
case of a lady whom I shall call Mrs.
Chandler; living then and at present in
the village of S—, Connecticut. Her-
self and husband were young people, with
some two or three small children. Though
destitute of any patrimony, yet being in-
dustrious and prudent, they obtained a
comfortable living, and had managed to
gain a little beyond the bare necessities of
life; so that Mr. Chandler had purchased
a small, but neat and pleasantly situated
house and lot in the outskirts of the vil-
lage; but at the time of which I speak, a
few hundred dollars were wanting to pay
for it.

Most of his time was spent on the water;
S— being a sea-port, and directly by
his house was a little wharf, where he was
accustomed to moor his boats. Mr. Chan-
dler was a professing Christian, but his wife
had in her own estimation, (which was un-
doubtedly correct,) an unregenerate heart;
though in all other respects an excellent
woman, and in this as good as others,
whose hearts are unsubdued by divine
grace. She was devotedly attached to her
husband, since sharing together the toils,
trials and cares of a common interest,
tends to call into exercise the kindest sym-
pathies of the heart, and endear individuals
of the poorer class more strongly together
than the rich, whom no common wants
bind by a feeling of common dependence.

Many were the hours of anxious sus-
pense she had passed, waiting and watch-
ing for his return, when off upon the wa-
ters; and many times the thought of what
she should do, should he be taken from
her, had passed through her mind. But
that she would ever be thus suddenly and
painfully separated from her, as a practical
consideration, never seemed to have oc-
curred to her.

One day in the spring of '43, he took
his boat to carry some men to a ship in
the offing, that was soon to sail. She
waited for his return, and in a short time,
his corpse was brought in and laid before
her. Alas, for all worldly hopes! His
boat had been suddenly capsized by a
squall, and under somewhat peculiar cir-
cumstances. Every attempt made to save
him by others who were near, was in vain.
There was a sudden and fatal dashing of
all the brightest prospects that ever dawned
on her mind, or of which she could con-
ceive. She was almost frantic. Unsup-
ported by divine grace, her heart rose up
in hostility to the dealings of that Provi-
dence which had struck the unlooked for
and dreadful blow. Her reason seemed to
be shaken; the agitation of her mind over-
powered her for a time, until it settled
down into that dreadful, calm indifference
which shows the heart is dead to pleasure

and anxiety, and to everything but its own
consuming sorrows. Often would she go
and look out upon the water as formerly,
and, as she afterwards told me, expecting
that she should yet see him come back in
his boat; then turn away, and sit down in
gloomy and tearful grief.

The kind feelings of the villagers were
so much enlisted in her behalf, that a purse
was immediately made up, sufficient to pay
the remaining debt of her husband for the
house, and provide against immediate ne-
cessities.

The pastor of the church, of which her
husband was a member, visited her, and of-
fered her the consolations of the gospel, which
is all that can avail, and which to those
who appreciate it, is sufficient for every
earthly sorrow. But to her mind it had
no efficacy. She could not understand it,
and seemed indeed to have little desire to
do so. He spoke of that Friend, whose
love and presence are far better than that
of earthly friends; but all was of no avail.
To her it seemed that God had no right to
take her husband; that he was her own,
and it was wrong in the Almighty to de-
prive her of a companion and a supporter,
when she and her children so much needed
him. And she plainly and repeatedly de-
clared that she did not believe religion, or
anything else, could supply to her the place
of her husband, or give back to her heart
joys as great as those God had taken,—cru-
elly taken from her. Thus did her heart,
when smitten, bend only because it could
not bear, and when it could, it rose up in
hostility to the dealings of the Lord.

The time I first became acquainted with
her, was about six months after the death
of her husband; when calling on her in
company with her pastor, I found her in
the same gloomy condition; appearing as
if neither earth nor heaven had any smiles
or any pleasant things for a heart dis-
tressed. I spoke to her of the wisdom and
goodness of God in the dispensations of
sorrow, as well as of joy; but she under-
stood not: of the superior joys of salvation,
and that Christ could give to the heart that
trusted in him, pleasures far exceeding any
of an earthly nature; but this she under-
stood quite as little, though everything was
listened to with the greatest respect, or I
might say, with a respectful indifference.
Her firm conviction was that nothing could
possibly afford her as much pleasure as she
had been robbed of by the death of her
husband. She was glad that she should
talk and pray, for the sympathy manifested
seemed a momentary relief from the grief
that was eating at her heart. And thus
she continued during several calls which I
made.

There was at this time considerable an-
xiety felt on the subject of religion in the
village. Meetings were held every night,
and many were asking to know what they
should do to be saved; while some had
sought and found, and were rejoicing in
a pardoning Saviour. Mrs. Chandler was in-
vited to attend the meetings, and direct her
attention to the Saviour and the soul's sal-
vation. She consented to attend the meet-
ings, but it seemed rather as a relief from
the loneliness of her home, than from any
expectation of receiving spiritual good.

There is no doubt that God intended
that her affliction should be sanctified to
her salvation. It was not long before she
felt so much anxiety for her spiritual wel-
fare as to ask for prayers. Then she came
forward and took the anxious seat, and
personally made her request to those who
prayed. One evening while prayer was be-
ing offered, so strong were her feelings that
she commenced praying for herself; and
such a prayer! It seemed like a frantic
outbursting of the agonies of her soul, in
view of her affliction, rather than any plea
for pardon and acceptance with God. Her
anxiety increased, but her heart was un-
humbled still. The Holy Spirit was sym-
ptomatically at work with her, but as yet she
was not sufficiently enlightened to see herself
a great sinner before God. One night her
distress and agitation were greater than
usual, and nothing could calm her feelings.
She went to her home; and it was a night
of warfare, of strong wrestling with God.

She prayed, and divine grace showed her
her real position as a sinner. And then she
struggled; alone, save with her little
children, and Him who is every where pre-
sent, she pleaded with God; and all night
long, where death passing had left a gloomy
void, she knelt and prayed; resolved that
if there was a Saviour to forgive, she
would come even before him, and plead for
his mercy. It was a fearful time to her,
through the darkness of that night. But
God was near; he heard her prayers; and
there on her knees before Him, he said to
her troubled spirit, 'Go in peace, thy sins
are forgiven thee.' Light dawned on her
darkness; heaven's glory on her solitude.
It was like unbarring the heavenly gates,
and throwing open to her view, celestial
scenes. She was subdued, charmed, en-
raptured.

The next morning she came into the
surprise prayer-meeting. What a change!
She had not slept during the night, but the
calm serenity of heaven was on her coun-
tenance. I use no extravagant phrase; it
was literally so. It needed no language to
tell what had happened; and we all be-
lieved it, when she told that Christ had for-
given her sins. O, how did she extol the

pardoning love of Jesus. Some who knew
nothing of such love, might have thought
she was beside herself; but her soul was
ravished by the new beauties that dawned
on her. She came out before the congre-
gation, took her pastor by the hand, and
humbly confessed the wrong of ever having
expressed a doubt of the superiority of the
peace and joy of religion, to that of the
world. Although she loved not the mem-
ory of her husband less, yet she declared
that she was infinitely more happy than
she ever was before, or than she could
have been had her husband lived, and Je-
sus not been her friend. Indeed I never
saw so great a change, nor, do I think, one
so happy,—really happy, as she was.

Thus did God sanctify his afflictions,
and justify his dealings in the eyes of a
community, who heard her tell the won-
derful works of the Lord. Now she can
continually say, 'It is good that I have
been afflicted.' Otherwise her union with
her husband might have been partially hap-
py, for a time, but now it will be perfectly
happy, through eternity. Thanks to God
for his love, equally when he afflicts, as
when he prospers us. ECRON.

[From our Western Correspondent.]

Misrepresentations of the West.

DEAR BROTHER GRAVES,—Do you be-
lieve all the stories you hear concerning
the West? Verily it must be a difficult
matter to form an opinion concerning us,
which will quadruple with all these tales,
be that opinion what it may. The people
of the United States justly complain of the
misrepresentations of English tourists who
have travelled hastily through the country.
An European who sees the school-boys in
one of our towns biting acorns, and writes
home that a large portion of the Americans
live on mast alone, would be justly accused
of unwarrantable generalizing. But this is
not a whit behind the reports of some New
England travellers and letter writers, who
have passed through the West, and then
given their impressions to Eastern friends
as matters of fact. In this way we receive
of an earthly nature; but this she under-
stood quite as little, though everything was
listened to with the greatest respect, or I
might say, with a respectful indifference.
Her firm conviction was that nothing could
possibly afford her as much pleasure as she
had been robbed of by the death of her
husband. She was glad that she should
talk and pray, for the sympathy manifested
seemed a momentary relief from the grief
that was eating at her heart. And thus
she continued during several calls which I
made.

My attention has been called to this
subject by a recent communication to the
Christian Watchman, signed D. W., and
entitled 'A bird's eye view of the West.'
This 'bird's eye view' was taken by one
whom the writer assures us is 'a gentleman
of education, close observation, and, as he
thinks, of sound judgment.' Verily, if the
gentleman has made close observations, and
is a man of sound judgment, he has dis-
covered some things here which will
increase our stock of knowledge; things
which have escaped the observation of those
who have resided in the country from its
first settlement. For instance, speaking of
Galena in Illinois, he informs us that 'the
people seemed intelligent, respectable and
moral, generally, and religion seemed in a
good degree to flourish.' Here was appar-
ently the most flourishing Sabbath school
he met with at the West. 'He found it
bearing the marks of New England influ-
ence in its moral and religious features,'
&c. Now if this is a correct portrait of
Galena, we rejoice, for more reasons than
one; since by comparing it with the rest of
Illinois, and the neighboring States, it will
be easy to prove this whole region a paragon
of morality and religion. It is doubtful
whether there is a single town this side of
the Mississippi which would suffer by a
comparison with Galena. It is generally
considered as the Texas of the West, and
if even this specimen of Western morality
and religion made so favorable an impres-
sion on our tourist, we think he might find
many towns here which would cast New
England back into the shade, about as far
as Abyssinia or Afghanistan.

Again, in travelling through Michigan
he found 'the southern section essentially
sandy, and resembling much the soil of the
Old Colony in Massachusetts.' Really this
is too bad, to compare one of the most
fertile regions on the continent, whose
rich soil enables the farmer to raise wheat
for 40 cents per bushel, and oats for 12 or
15 cents, and even peaches, within ten or
twelve years after its settlement, for 50
cents per bushel, to compare this with so
sterile a part of New England as the Old
Colony. Should a native of Kingston,
Rochester, or Plymouth, who has spent
his days in the comparatively ill-reputed
toils of agriculture there, should he wake
up on some July morning and find himself
surrounded by the green waving fields of
Southern Michigan, he would surely think
that strange changes had been wrought
during his sleep, quite equal to the trans-
formations of Aladdin and his wonderful
lamp.

The estimate of the morality of the West
which our traveller formed while among
us, is rather flattering than otherwise, but
the manner in which he attempts to account
for some social and moral deficiencies
which he noticed among us, is really quite
amusing. He attributes much to the want
of female influence; and well he might, if

we were such a masculine set of beings as
he represents us to be. He says: 'In
the new States, there are from five to ten
males, to one female. A great propor-
tion, but well attested and not very difficult
to account for.' I wonder if he looked
into any Western grammars to see if the
feminine gender had fallen into entire
desuetude, in the monkish dialect of the
people here. Only picture to yourself ten
suitors besieging each unmarried lady in
the land, and every one of them fully
aware that his only chance of escaping
from hopeless celibacy, lay in out-general-
ing his nine competitors. What a rare
chance for some Eastern speculator to
make a full importation of females to so
desolate a market! We could well afford
to pay as many barrels of flour for a wife,
as the early Virginians did pounds of
tobacco. It is strange that no one here
has ever thought of the old Roman device
of getting up some pretext for inviting in
our Sabine neighbors, and then seizing
upon their females, to supply our own
deficiency.

But what if this alleged disparity should,
after all, prove to be only imaginary? In
our public assemblies on the Sabbath,
the number of females present generally
exceeds that of the males, and sometimes
in the ratio of three to one. Our newspa-
pers abound in advertisements of Female
Seminarists. Milliners and mantua-makers
are doing a thriving business among us.
And, finally, the last census, taken when
the disparity was considerably greater than
at present, gives a very different ratio
between the sexes from that furnished
by D. W. Looking at the States which lay
in the route of our traveller, we find in
Illinois, 255,000 males and 217,000 fe-
males; in Missouri, 173,000 males and
150,000 females; in Michigan, 113,000
males, and 98,000 females. This presents
a greater disproportion than actually exists
at the present time. How then have such
extraneous notions originated in reference
to the multitude of bachelors in the West?
How came D. W. to think that almost all
of our citizens are orators? Who has
imposed upon his credulity, by telling him
that the people generally are in the habit
of making political speeches? It is no more
true of Michigan, or Illinois, than of Mas-
sachusetts, unless it may be that something
more than our share of the public speakers
are to be found among the emigrants who
have come out from the East.

But I have made this letter longer than
I intended, and so will leave the subject,
hoping that travellers who come West, and
design to relate only the truth, which no
doubt was the case with D. W.'s friend,
will not form such general and sweeping
conclusions, until they can arrive at them
by a course of reasoning more in accord-
ance with the laws of Baconic induction.
Yours, affectionately, J. A. B. S.

For the Christian Reflector.

The World for Christ.

The extension of the Redeemer's king-
dom, and the future glory of his church,
has been a lively interest in every heart
that has been warmed by the love of Christ.
Whatever tends to hasten onward an event
so glorious as the universal reign of holiness,
causes joy in heaven; and just so far
as the redeemed on earth enter into the
spirit of heaven, are they in earnest to extend
the gospel. Its opening announcement,
'Peace on earth, good-will to men,'—
poured forth in heavenly notes by angels,
beckoned the interest felt in its success by
its author; and may well assure us that it
is an event of no small importance which
could thus engage, in its accomplishment,
divine, angelic and human agency. And
God, in employing man as the instrument
by which he will exert his omnipotence in
this moral onset upon the strongholds of a
world lying in iniquity, confers honor upon
him. It is one of the wonders of his grace
that he makes choice of an agency con-
fessedly so inadequate, to bring back a
revolted world to allegiance to its rightful
Governor. By no whirlwind power, by no
exhibition of mere almightiness, is the
conquest of this world for Christ to be
achieved—but by the noiseless, persuasive
influence of the Holy Spirit, operating upon
the heart and sanctifying the intellect—
opening the channels of benevolence and
holiness—bringing the heart of the
Christian church to beat with a warmer
sympathy, and a keener sense of the moral
ruin and degradation of the heathen world,
and of the obligation laid upon the church
to extend her influence, and show in her
own bright example the expansive power of
the gospel.—In this way the Spirit of God
is to diffuse his blessings upon this world.

The call is not to stand still and see what
God will do;—but for the church to be up
herself and to be diligently doing what the
crisis requires. We may not expect that
God will work miracles now; he has put
moral influences of immense power into the
hands of his church to use for his glory.
There is knowledge enough abroad; the
heart willing to perform the duties already
known is what is most lacking. When this
is given to the work, the wants of this
world, in all their trumpet-tongued earnest-
ness, will be affecting manifested.

Now it is in the gospel alone that we
find the effectual remedy for the moral
wants of man. Its blessings meet him at
the precise point where all other hopes
fail. Its power to renovate the soul, and
give a right direction to the affections and
the life,—its consolations to assuage his
griefs—its glorious hopes beyond the grave
—the Being whom it reveals, his character,
kingdom and government—his perfections
and attributes—its descriptions of the char-
acter of the race—the cause of their woes,
the results of their sins—the power inhe-
rent in itself to raise them from their ruins
and to bring them into fellowship and
harmony with God—these, and all that
array of truths connected with and growing
from them, stand forth, revealing the out-
lines of a system which he is able to com-
prehend, and which when allowed to sway
the soul, give just the support and satisfac-
tion the mind of man requires. Unlike
any other scheme, it is adapted to man as
man—to every variety of human character
and condition. It is the universal remedy
for every evil, for it strikes at sin as the
root of all evil,—and this removed, the
whole world would be one vast scene of
happiness, and would exhibit, in a per-
petual lustre, the glory, the praise and the
love of the adorable Jehovah.

This gospel, with all its train of benefits
and blessings, is to possess the supreme
dominion of this world; it is to become
universal. The time is coming when the
knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth.
This expectation is not built upon a mere
idle, utopian good-will, a visionary, inac-
tive good-nature, that in seclusion from
real labor indulges in sentimental dreams
of a golden age to come upon the world, it
hardly knows how or for what. O no,—
that day will be ushered in, and succeeded
by, untiring, devoted labor—for God and
the world.

The word of everlasting truth is pledged
for that time. The standard of revolt shall
fall before the banner of the Lord of hosts.
Grace shall be poured out from on high,
and all flesh shall see the salvation of God.
On this earth, so long the theatre of sin
and rebellion to God, the proclamation of
returning allegiance shall go forth in the
joyous acclamation,—'The kingdoms of
this world are become the kingdoms of our
Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign
forever and ever.' This declaration has a
threefold bond of assurance—Jehovah's
promise to his Son; to his church; and to
his enemies.

In the covenant of mercy toward this
world, God, in the councils of eternity,
formed the mighty plan of redemption, to
be accomplished by his Son. The assurance
was, that he should see of the travail
of his soul and should be satisfied; that he
should have a seed to serve him from
among the last race of man, and that his
kingdom should extend from the river to
the end of the earth, and should continue
forever and ever. Results of mighty sig-
nificance have followed the promulgation
of the gospel. The stone cut out of the
mountain without hands, has continually
increased in dimension, and the good seed
of life, sown in apparent weakness, has
gained incipient tokens of a rich harvest
of blessings. Scarcely eighteen centuries
have rolled onward, since the advent of
Christ, and unnumbered trophies from
every clime have been reclaimed from sin
and death, and have been called to mingle
their hallelujahs with those around the
throne. The foundations of Christianity
have been permanently established in the
earth. Its influence has entered into
every form of society. It has overturned
the most ancient superstitions, the most
confirmed and deep-rooted idolatry. It has
flung wide open the iron doors of despo-
tism, the most indomitable. It has cast
down walls hitherto impassable, which
had environed kingdoms where the god of
this world had reigned, enthroned in the
midnight darkness of mental abjection. It
has rent the shackles of a paganism which
had sensualized and imbruted its votaries.
It has despoiled the most subtle and
refined systems of heathen philosophy of
their glory. It has poured, as an angel
of light, the effulgence of its broad and genial
beams over whole continents, lifting them
up to the heights of intelligence and virtue,
and the true dignity of man.

But these results of the power of the gos-
pel, great and glorious though they be, are
but the precursor of still higher displays of
its elevating principles. The promise that
the seed of the woman should bruise the
serpent's head, received its signal accom-
plishment in the death and resurrection of
the great Redeemer; but his consummation
reaches far beyond the lapse of time, until
every soul for whom Christ died, who
becomes interested in his covenant of grace,
shall have been brought home. Every
soul renewed, on Christian or on heathen
ground, is, in part, a fulfilment of the
Father's promise to his Son. The cove-
nant of redemption has the corner-stone of
its foundation in that promise. All the
blessings accruing to the redeemed, both
on earth and in heaven, are the conditions
of that covenant, the guarantee of its com-
plete fulfilment. They are the direct fruits
of the Messiah's sacrifice, and made sure
to the heirs of the inheritance in light,
the partakers of the glory of their conquer-
ing Saviour. O, what a glorious eman-
ation of God's character does the mystery of

redemption unfold. It is this which gives
all the vital energy to that new song heard
in heaven, 'Thou hast redeemed us to God
by thy blood, out of every kindred and
tongue and people and nation.' Surely

'God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.'

God's promise to his church and to his
enemies will be a theme of remark, in
another article. A. C.

For the Christian Reflector.

Colloquy on Baptism and Communion.

Methodist. I do wish you Baptists would
give up your close communion.

Baptist. What do you mean by close
communion?

M. Not allowing others to commune
with you.

B. We allow other Christians who have
been baptized to commune with us.

M. No you don't—I've been baptized,
and no Baptist church will invite me to the
table.

B. Very well! The reason is that we
do not believe that you have been bap-
tized.

M. That's where you Baptists are un-
charitable. We acknowledge your baptism,
and you will not acknowledge ours.

B. You surely cannot expect us to call
sprinkling baptism, when we firmly be-
lieve that nothing but immersion is bap-
tism.

M. Still, you might admit us to the
Lord's table, and let us judge whether we
have been baptized or not.

B. That principle will not do at all.
You would not act upon it yourself.

M. I wouldn't? Certainly I would.

B. Would you? Would you admit a
person to the Lord's table, who, in your
opinion, had never been baptized, what-
ever he might think of the matter?

M. Why—no—not unless he had been
baptized in some way, because I believe
baptism is a prerequisite to communion.

B. There! I told you so, and we are
on exactly the same ground in reference to
communion. We both believe baptism
prerequisite to communion. The only ques-
tion then, is, what is baptism? We be-
lieve nothing is baptism, but immersion in
the name of the Father, Son and Holy
Ghost, whereas Pedobaptists believe that
immersion or pouring or sprinkling in name
of Father, Son and Holy Ghost is baptism.
The question then has nothing to do with
communion, for the most intelligent Pe-
dobaptists acknowledge that with our views
of baptism, we cannot consistently commune
with other denominations.

M. But after all—I don't see why you
need to stick so for immersion, when you
know how much division it makes among
Christians.

B. It is not the Baptists who make
divisions. This division business is entirely
done by the other side.

M. Why—if you give up immersion
might we not all commune together?

B. Certainly—and if other denomina-
tions would be immersed, might we not
commune together?

M. O yes—but then we do not think it
necessary to be immersed—we think
sprinkling will do just as well.

B. But we don't think it will do just as
well. You can conscientiously be im-
mersed, but we cannot conscientiously be
sprinkled; and now if you will not do that,
which you conscientiously can do, to avoid
division, I ask you in the name of common
sense, who is guilty of making the divi-
sion?

M. There is another objection which I
have to your course; it looks like saying
to other denominations—I am holier than
thou, stand one side.

B. Look so, or not look so, every Pe-
dobaptist, that knows anything about us,
knows that we cherish no such feeling; I
don't believe there ever was a Baptist in
the world, that manifested any such self
righteous feeling.

M. It seems to me also that you are
making too much of an external ordinance;
that you think too much of the outward
form, and not enough of the inward spirit.
I believe when the heart is right, it is of
no consequence how baptism is performed.

B. Truly it would be so if there were
different forms of baptism, but we believe
there is only one form or mode—we be-
lieve nothing is baptism but immersion. I
know that our Pedobaptist friends argue as
if there were different modes of baptism,
and represent us as contending for a spe-
cific mode, when they know that we do not
contend for the mode, but the thing itself,
firmly believing that immersion is essential
to baptism. It is unfair and uncharitable in
our brethren of other denominations thus
to misrepresent us. There is an insincerity
in this, and in some other arguments
urged against the Baptists, which I cannot
reconcile with that spirit of ingenuitously
which Christians ought to cherish and ex-
ercise towards each other.

M. What other argument seems unfair
—I don't think of any.

B. It is often urged against us, that it
is indecent to immerse. Now a Christian
who has ever seen the ordinance performed
cannot really feel that there is any inde-
cency about it. It seems to me that per-

sons who talk in this way must be insin-
cere. Suppose, for instance, that a minis-
ter should preach a sermon on baptism,
and then publish that sermon in the form
of a little book, with very pretty covers and
gilt edges, and in that little book should
say, 'No modest female, but for conscience
sake, could consent to be immersed under
the promiscuous gaze of strangers, without
doing violence to some of the most sacred
and delicate feelings of her sex,' at the
same time knowing the fact, that many
ladies of his own denomination, whose
sacred and delicate feelings of modesty he
would by no means presume to question,
were accustomed in the summer season to
pass several weeks at some of our fashion-
able watering places, and there frequently
bathe with a promiscuous assembly of men,
women and children, and before them all
receive repeated immersions in the waves;
could you really believe such a man was
sincere in running down baptism as inde-
cent, and yet never lift up his voice against
this custom as being indecent? If he was
so feelingly convinced of the indecency of
baptism, as to see it his duty to preach
against it—why should he not feel the in-
decency of this bathing custom, so as to
see it his duty to preach against it, and
then publish his sermon as another pretty
little book, with gilt edges.

M. Why—no—I must say I could not
feel that such a man was sincere.

B. Then of course you would suppose
his object must have been, to have cast
as much of an odium, as much of a stigma
upon the ordinance as was in his power.

M. Why, perhaps, he did not really
mean to make the ordinance appear odious,
but thought that this might be an argument
to deter some 'modest females' from being
immersed. I don't know whether you are
merely supposing a case, or actually mean
some one—but if you refer to any person,
I hope he is not a Methodist—for it is not
possible for him really in his heart to feel
that there is any 'indecency' about bap-
tism by immersion, when it is properly
performed.

B. No man is sincere when he talks
about the indecency of immersion. The
most extended charity cannot make any-
thing better of it, than an intention to cast
odium upon what we sincerely believe is
a gospel ordinance. I tell you what it is,
the Baptists have a great deal to bear from
their brethren of other denominations.

M. Yes—yes—that's true enough, and
I don't see but what you must continue to
bear it, unless you give up being such
sticklers for immersion.

B. Then we are willing to bear it. If
we cannot purchase exemption from re-
proach and misrepresentation at the hands
of other Christians, but by acting contrary
to the dictates of our consciences, we must
make up our minds to endure it. It seems,
however, to be grievous that this burden
should be put upon us, because we consen-
tiously try to follow the Saviour.

M. I do not doubt that the Baptists
think they are right—I do not question
your sincerity in the least; but after all I
cannot get rid of the impression that it is
making too much of the ordinance of bap-
tism, to refuse to commune with those
Christians who have not been immersed.

B. Well, if we are making too much
of it, the Lord knows that we do so from
the heart, believing that we are acting ac-
cording to his will.

How to get rid of Sin.

He that thinks to expiate a sin by going
barefoot, only makes one folly the atone-
ment for another. Paul, indeed, was
accused and beaten by the Jews; but we

Poetry.

For the Christian Reflector.

My Father.

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH.

My father! Two and twenty years have passed,
Since by his dying bed,
His last request for faith was breathed,
And last adieu was said.

The autumn sun's last beams have passed,
And 'neath the horizon low,
And dark shadows gathered round
That scene of mortal woe.

And did that fading light depart
With joy forever fled?
Did night's pale star-beam drink the tear
In deepest anguish shed?

O death, full of thy tireless aim
Thy victim here hath found,
And ever dost thou part the ties
Nature most strongly bound.

No more to hear a father's voice,
Or list a father's prayer;
No more mid life's perplexing scenes
His kindly aid to share.

Father in heaven, I turn to Thee;
My lowly prayer to send;
O judge the widow's cause, and be
The orphan's changeless friend.

Sept. 24. L. A. H.

For the Christian Reflector.

What I would do.

O were it mine to raise the torpid mind,
And breathe a spirit new in all mankind,
Then would I strike the lyre to notes that glow,
And 'twould be mine to sing to thee, O God,
My fancy pointing to the realms of light,
Flutters east or west, or haunts at middle night,
In vain attempts to rise she spreads her wing,
Where others lightly soar and tangle sing!

O could my mind the inspiration win,
That waked the harp of David's harp of sin,
That raised Isaiah's soul by holy fire,
And kindled zeal for truth that could not tire,
With freshness sped his sacred words along,
And filled with courage sweet his new-born song!

Then I would pour a flood of truthful lays
Upon the church of God, to Jesus praise!
Or could my mind some new inspiration gain,
As if 'twere born anew of traveling pain,
Or dread convulsive throes of burdened thought,
Or charged with grief for those whom Jesus sought,
I'd scatter rays of truth with awful might,
As Sol at zenith darts beams of light!

The mortal world with thunders I would shake,
With lightning's speed the slumbering church awake;
A warning note, with pealing, dreadful sound,
Should break on every ear the world around,
I'd send a messenger, swift-winged and bright,
Just like an arrow kindling in its flight,
With flaming garb and streaming from the air,
To light a glancing beacon every where!

And if the world's dark I thus could gain,
I'd strike the lyre to notes of softer strain,
I'd sing of love, of Jesus' dying love,
The stirring influence of the courts above,
That led the Saviour's feet to leave his throne,
And tread the wine-press of God's wrath alone,
To save the church—a burning lamp, ordained
To cast his brightness on the world around.

By Satan's power, and held in darkness deep,
Till from the church it shone both far and near!
In not light which will to darkness turn?
(At least it flickered where it should have burned.)
Too oft that which in Christ no spot betrayed,
In us, at last, alternate light and shade!

Oppression, robbery and crime now mark
The annals of the church—a stain, how dark!
O'er where such crimes do meet with just reproof,
From flagrant sin the church may stand aloof,
And monsters foul are strangled at the birth,
Like Satan's curse and conformity to earth!

She's summed from her high position hurled,
She's shorn of strength by mingling with the world;
O'er some spirit formed in Luther's mould,
To cast out Satan from the sacred fold,
Primitive truth in all its power proclaim,
And bring the church to simple forms again!

*Psalm 120: 17.

For the Christian Reflector.

A Mother's Thoughts at the Grave of her only Child.

One farewell look, while sorrow's tear
O'er thee, dear babe, is freely shed;
'Tis the last tribute, falling here,
Where sleep the loved, the valued dead.

O! lingering here, I fain would gaze
On thee, in death surpassing life,
While round thy lips, methinks there plays
A smile, as sweet as life could give.

A smile so calm, and so serene,
Even now is hushed this living sigh,
As whispering seraphs all around,
Speak of the soul that lives on high.

Thy soul was lost, O! ought I resign
To thee but dust, O! cheerful earth;
Thy bosom bare, 'tis mine, 'tis mine,
From thee this treasure had its birth.

One farewell look, and I return
Where all are late was buried fair;
I go, submission there to learn,
Thou hast lost to me a mother's care.

Sharon.

The Family Circle.

The following interesting anecdote of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan of London, was related by himself, at the close of a lecture on Persia, which he lately delivered at Stepmey Meeting Sunday school room.

"May I be allowed," said the Rev. gentleman, "to make a few observations relating to myself. I well remember when I was young, possessing for the first time a guinea. I remember, too, that this circumstance cost me no little perplexity and anxiety, as I passed along the streets, the fear of losing my guinea induced me frequently to take it out of my pocket to look at it; and, put it in another—after a while I took it out of the second pocket and placed it in another, really perplexed as to do with it! At length my attention was arrested by a book auction. I stepped in, and looked about me. First one lot was put up, and then another, and sold to the highest bidder. At last I ventured to the table, just as the auctioneer was putting up the 'History of the World,' in two large folio volumes. I instantly thrust my hand into my pocket, and began turning over my guinea, considering all the while whether I had money enough to buy this lot. The biddings proceeded—at last I ventured to bid too. 'Hullo, my little man,' said the auctioneer, 'what, not content with less than the world!' This remark greatly confused me, and drew the attention of the whole company toward me, who seeing me anxious to possess the books, refrained from bidding against me, and so the world was knocked down to me at a very moderate price.

"How to get these huge books home was the next consideration. The auctioneer offered to send them; but I, not knowing what sort of creatures auctioneers were,

determined to take them myself—so after the assistant had tied them up, I marched out of the room, with these huge books upon my shoulder, like Samson with the gates of Gaza, amidst the smiles of all present. When I reached my home, after the servant had opened the door, the first person I met was my now sainted mother.

"My dear boy," said she, "what have you got there? I thought you would not keep your guinea long." "Do not be angry, mother," said I, throwing them down upon the table, "I have bought the World for nine shillings." This was on Saturday, and I well remember sitting up till it was well nigh midnight, turning over this History of the World. These books became my delight, and were carefully read through and through. As I grew older, I at length became a Christian, and my love of books naturally led me to desire to be a Christian minister. To the possession of these books I attribute, in a great measure, my honors in connection with literature that have been added to my name.

"I have not mentioned this anecdote," said the Rev. gentleman, "to gratify my foolish feeling, but to encourage in those young persons I see before me, that love of literature which has afforded me such unspeakable pleasure—pleasures which I would not have been without for all the riches of the Indies."—*London S. S. Teacher's Magazine.*

Home Affections.

The heart has memories that cannot die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home—early home. There is magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung on many a summer day—yonder the river in which he learned to swim—there the house in which he knew a parent's love, and found a parent's protection. Now there is the room in which he romped with brother or sister—long since, alas! laid in the grave to which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, wither with a joyous troop, like himself, he has often followed his parents to worship with and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why, even the very school-house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of ferule and task, now comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of many an attachment there formed—many an occasion that called forth generous exhibitions of the traits of human nature. There he learned some of the heart's true emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being, who, by her love and tenderness in after life, has made home happier even than that which his childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity—and those, too, among the best—that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's own fireside. There is a sacredness in the privacy of the spot, which it is a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence there exists no surer test of the baseness of morals in a community than the disposition to tolerate, in any mode, the man who disregards the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested—where he may indulge a confidence that is not likely to be abused.

Moralist and Miscellanist.

Anecdotes of Dr. Nettleton.

A man once said to him, "I sincerely desire to be a Christian. I have often gone to the house of God, hoping that something which should be said might be set home upon my mind by the Spirit of God, and be blessed to my salvation." "You are willing, then, are you not," said Dr. N., "that I should converse with you, hoping that my conversation may be the means of your conversion?" "I am," he replied. "If you are willing to be a Christian," said Dr. N., "you are willing to perform the duties of religion; for this is what is implied in being a Christian. Are you willing to perform these duties?" "I do not know, but I am," "You are the head of a family. One of the duties of religion is family prayer. Are you willing to pray in your family?" "I should be," he replied, "if I were a Christian. But it cannot be the duty of such a man as I am, to pray. The prayers of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord." "And is it not," said Dr. N., "an abomination unto the Lord, to live without prayer? But just let me show you how you deceive yourself. You think you are not willing to be converted. But you are as soon as I mention a duty which you are neglecting, you begin to excuse and justify yourself, on purpose to keep your sin out of sight. You are not willing to see that it is a heinous sin to live in the neglect of family prayer. How can you expect to be brought to repentance until you are willing to see your sinfulness? And how can you flatter yourself that you really desire to be a Christian, while you thus close your eyes against the truth?"

A young lady, who was under concern of mind, said to him, "I certainly do desire to be a Christian. I desire to be holy. I would give all the world to have an interest in Christ." He replied, "What you say, will not bear imitation. If you really desire religion for what it is, there is nothing to hinder you from possessing it. I can make a representation which will show you your heart, if you are willing to see it." "I am," said she. "It will look very bad," said he, "but if you are willing to see it, I will make the representation. Suppose you were a young lady of fortune—and I suppose you are—and you should desire to obtain your fortune, and to be rich, and to be respected, and to be able to pay his address to you. But he does not happen to be pleased with your person. He does not love you, but hates you. And suppose he should come to you, and say, 'I really wish I could love you, but I do not. I would give all the world if I could love you, but I cannot. What would you think of that young man?'"

A person once said in his presence, that to inculcate upon sinners their dependence on God for a new heart, is suited to sit down in despair. He replied, "the very reverse of this is true. Suppose a number of men are locked up in a room, playing cards. Some person informs them that the roof of the building is on fire, and that they must make their escape, or they will perish in the flames. Says one of them, 'we need not be in haste, we shall have time to finish the game.' But, says the person who gave the alarm, 'your door is locked.'

"No matter for that," he replies, "I have the key in my pocket, and can open it at any moment." "But I tell you that key will not open the door." "Won't it?" he exclaims; and rising from the table, flies to the door, and exerts himself to the utmost to open it. So sinners, while they believe in no difficulty in securing their salvation at any moment, quiet their consciences, and silence their fears. But when they are taught that such is the wickedness of their hearts, that they will never repent, unless God interpose by his regenerating grace, they are alarmed, and begin to inquire in deep distress what they shall do to be saved."—*Memoir.*

Sale of American Hay in London.

This sale is an experiment on the part of some enterprising American merchants to ascertain how far it is possible to supply the English market with hay grown in the northern part of the United States, and considerable curiosity was exhibited amongst dealers and others, with great quantities of hay, who very narrowly inspected the samples shown both at the Corn-market, Mark-lane, and at the brokers' counting house. The quantity announced was something like 15 1/2 loads, which weighed on shipment 330 cwt., but which on landing had diminished in weight to 281 1/2 cwt. The quality appeared rather coarse to English eyes, but the hay was, though somewhat reedy, sound and well got, consisting chiefly of mixture of Timothy grass and the common fodder by an English farmer. A somewhat inferior sample of this hay lately sold at Liverpool for 7 1/4 to 8d. per stone, which would be about 25 per ton; whilst English hay of the same quality was fetching 25 1/2 to 26s. per load of 36 trusses weighing 18 cwt., thus giving a balance in favor of the American produce of about 2 1/2 to 3s. per load. The present sale will determine the question whether such description of produce can be brought to an English market at a profit. The freight upon the present importation is 25s. per ton, which would be 22s. 6d. upon a load, whilst the duty upon the load of 18 cwt. is 16s. and 5 per cent additional, making together better than 38s. 6d. independent of wharf charges, housing, &c. all to be deducted, leaving the actual price something like from 50s. to 55s. per load for the American shippers at New York. A great difficulty, moreover, and one which it would seem must have been attended with considerable expense, was experienced in landing this hay, as the docks could not take it in or house it, owing to its being a combustible matter, which, in case of fire occurring from spontaneous ignition or otherwise, would vitiate their policies. It was therefore of necessity discharged in lighters in the stream, duty paid, and housed in a private yard. In the event of such an importation being a paying one, even in the slightest degree, it would be a very useful freight for running ships at this period of the year, when no other description of loading is to be obtained, and the quantity which could be sent would be almost illimitable."—*Wiltner's News Letter.*

Imports of American Cheese.

At the commercial dinner of the North Derbyshire Agricultural Association, which took place last Saturday, Mr. Colville, M. P., at considerable pains to convince the dairy farmers of that county, that their fears of being ruined by the large imports of American cheese, which have lately taken place, were altogether unfounded. "With the view of relieving the minds of the farmers in the cheese districts, he had searched, with great care and labor, through the parliamentary returns for the last twelve years, and had arrived at the conclusion, that, although the importation with rivalry cheese was greatly increased, it had driven the Dutch cheese out of the market, so that the aggregate importation was less now than it had been several years ago." The Morning Post, however, warns the farmers of England not to place the slightest reliance on any such statements as those of the honorable member for North Derbyshire. "American cheese," says the Post, "has already driven Dutch cheese out of our markets! How, then, may the cheese makers of England—the manufacturers of a maker of cheese—hope to maintain a rivalry with rivals, when the quantity of cheese imported from America may not be increased one hundred fold.

The Standard endeavors to show that the complaints of the Morning Post are exaggerated and unreasonable, saying that "the introduction of American cheese into this country has benefited the poorer classes, without diminishing in the slightest degree the profits of the British farmer." "The farmer," we are told, "is not insensible to the comforts of his laborer; and, if so, he cannot fail to have discovered how vastly superior is the quality of American cheese to the trash it has superseded." If the farmers were truly "sensible to the comforts of their laborers," we think they would call upon Sir Robert Peel to abolish the duty of cheese, and to let the laborer have his share of the bounty.

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Printer's Wives.—When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law discovered that the young man had a hawking for her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer—there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for the support of his family on the profits of a third, and this was rather a doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife, now, when the last census shows the number to be 1557.

A HORSE MESMERIZED.—The other day the crew of the Wapello, in St. Louis, were completely puzzled by a fractious horse, which they were endeavoring to get on board. Mr. Eliot, a magnetist, was requested to operate, and did so with immediate effect. Simply looking the animal in the face, making a few passes down his nose, and with perhaps a gentle "Ho-ho-ho," the sensitive creature became perfectly docile. At least so says a St. Louis paper.

USE OF TEA AND COFFEE.—One of the most remarkable facts in the diet of mankind is the enormous consumption of tea and coffee. The slightly stimulating and narcotic properties of these substances do not seem sufficient to account for the fact, that upwards of 800,000,000 of pounds of these articles are annually consumed by the inhabitants of the world. It has, however, been found that they contain a certain active principle, which, though small in quantity, is yet supposed to form an important part in the human economy. This principle is called theine in tea, and caffeine in coffee, but they are identical in composition; and what is very remarkable, this same principle has been discovered in the Paraguay tea, a species of holly used for infusion by the natives of South America; and a principle very similar, called theobromine, is found in the nuts from which cocoa and chocolate are prepared. Now, according to Liebig, there is found in the blood a principle called by him taurine, resulting from the destruction of protein, and the body, and having a composition so closely resembling theine, that the one may be easily converted into the other. Taurine performs an important office in the economy of respiration, and Liebig suggests, that the introduction of theine into the system prevents the destruction of the tissues for the purpose of forming taurine, and thus, though not nutritive itself, it becomes indirectly nutritious to the body in saving its tissues from destruction.—*Athenaeum.*

HONORABLE EXAMPLES.—The late President Harrison taught, for several years, in an academy at Washington, and he was a member of the Ohio Sabbath before he left home for Washington, to assume the duties of Chief Magistrate of the nation, he met his Bible class, as usual. And his last counsel on the subject to his scholars, at Washington, was, "be honest, never be forgotten by the nation;—when advised to keep a dog to protect his fruit, he replied—Rather send a Sunday School teacher to take care of the boys."

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The publishers have been induced to publish in this country a new edition of the work, and to sell it at the very low price of one dollar and fifty cents per copy.

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Printer's Wives.—When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law discovered that the young man had a hawking for her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer—there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for the support of his family on the profits of a third, and this was rather a doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife, now, when the last census shows the number to be 1557.

A HORSE MESMERIZED.—The other day the crew of the Wapello, in St. Louis, were completely puzzled by a fractious horse, which they were endeavoring to get on board. Mr. Eliot, a magnetist, was requested to operate, and did so with immediate effect. Simply looking the animal in the face, making a few passes down his nose, and with perhaps a gentle "Ho-ho-ho," the sensitive creature became perfectly docile. At least so says a St. Louis paper.

USE OF TEA AND COFFEE.—One of the most remarkable facts in the diet of mankind is the enormous consumption of tea and coffee. The slightly stimulating and narcotic properties of these substances do not seem sufficient to account for the fact, that upwards of 800,000,000 of pounds of these articles are annually consumed by the inhabitants of the world. It has, however, been found that they contain a certain active principle, which, though small in quantity, is yet supposed to form an important part in the human economy. This principle is called theine in tea, and caffeine in coffee, but they are identical in composition; and what is very remarkable, this same principle has been discovered in the Paraguay tea, a species of holly used for infusion by the natives of South America; and a principle very similar, called theobromine, is found in the nuts from which cocoa and chocolate are prepared. Now, according to Liebig, there is found in the blood a principle called by him taurine, resulting from the destruction of protein, and the body, and having a composition so closely resembling theine, that the one may be easily converted into the other. Taurine performs an important office in the economy of respiration, and Liebig suggests, that the introduction of theine into the system prevents the destruction of the tissues for the purpose of forming taurine, and thus, though not nutritive itself, it becomes indirectly nutritious to the body in saving its tissues from destruction.—*Athenaeum.*

HONORABLE EXAMPLES.—The late President Harrison taught, for several years, in an academy at Washington, and he was a member of the Ohio Sabbath before he left home for Washington, to assume the duties of Chief Magistrate of the nation, he met his Bible class, as usual. And his last counsel on the subject to his scholars, at Washington, was, "be honest, never be forgotten by the nation;—when advised to keep a dog to protect his fruit, he replied—Rather send a Sunday School teacher to take care of the boys."

The late Chief Justice Marshall and the late Judge Washington of the Supreme Court of the United States, were both active in the Sabbath school cause. At the age of seventy, the Chief Justice regarded it as his high honor to walk through the city of Richmond at the head of a Sunday school procession.

The present Chancellor of the University of New York City (Mr. Feinberg) was a Sunday school teacher while he held the office of Attorney General of New Jersey, and afterwards while a Senator in Congress; and he may still be seen cheerfully associating with the humblest learners.

The Hon. B. F. Butler was a Sabbath school teacher while holding the office of Attorney General of the State of New York, and has, at the present time, his Bible school for men.

And the visitor at Saratoga Springs, who will look into the Sabbath school, may there see the Hon. Chancellor of the State of New York, (R. H. Walworth) with other Jewish gentlemen, animating the young in their Bible studies.

AMERICAN HOPS.—A parcel of thirteen bales was offered by auction, on Tuesday last, for which 26 was bid. They were subsequently sold at 27 per cwt. less the duty for export, the duty, 24 1/4s. 6d. being prohibitory for home use.—*Id.*
English Naturalization Laws.—There are no naturalization laws in England, and no foreigner can ever become a naturalized citizen of Great Britain, except by special act of Parliament. The privileges of citizens are rarely conferred there, and never but for important public services rendered to the Government. Neither can any citizen of Great Britain expatriate himself. By the laws of England, a subject of the British empire, though a naturalized citizen of the United States, always owes allegiance to his own government, and would be considered and treated as a traitor if found fighting for his adopted, against his native country.—*Age.*

Advertisements.

Think.

If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—*Psalm 4: 8.*

Act.

Reader! my last hath told you how to think, and from the voice of conscience how to shrink; my present desire is to tell you how to act, and show you well and wisely how to act.

Pray.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's life, the Christian's strength, his watchword at the gates of death, his refuge in the hour of need.

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